

# THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

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STANFORD, LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY JULY 16, 1910.

No. 40

## TEACHERS IN SESSION DURING WEEK

INSTITUTE HAS BEEN ONE OF MOST SUCCESSFUL HELD HERE—THOSE PRESENT

The Lincoln County Teachers' Institute began here Monday morning at the Graded school building and has been in continuous session throughout the week. Miss Annie McKinney was made secretary, while Prof. J. W. Ireland—the best in the state—was instructor.

Many interesting topics have been discussed. The work has been of high order and the tendency to modernize school methods and inspire a greater educational zeal for the practical things of life has been encouraging. Things heretofore considered extraneous, have been emphasized as invaluable. Among the live topics discussed were Hygiene and Sanitation, more cultural and fewer disciplinary subjects, more practical and less theoretical work.

Dr. W. B. O'Bannon made a splendid talk on Hygiene and Sanitation and their influence upon character formation. Rev. J. J. Dickey gave an address on the use of the Bible in the public schools. Dr. J. G. Carpenter regaled the teachers with his lecture on prevention of tuberculosis.

One of the most prevalent themes has been a higher scholarship and more professional training for the teacher. There has been a tendency of the teachers toward the practical.

In history the trend of thought was to emphasize the achievements of peace rather than those of war.

The familiar subjects of arithmetic, physiology, language, grammar, etc., were thoroughly discussed and new methods of presentation were suggested. The pivotal points in the formation of character were to be suggested in the pursuit of each subject where it was at all practical. It was urged that correlation be followed to a greater extent than formerly and more attention given to the things that the child will need and use in the life into which he is cast after school. It was urged that the child or student be brought into closer unity with the world about him.

Prof. S. S. Robinson, of Hustonville, Caleb Newell, of Waynesburg, K. L. Grubbs, of Moreland, and many others of the younger teachers have been potent factors in the general discussions. Civic Improvement, Community Pride, Co-operation of Parents and many other vital themes were discussed in an interesting way. The ministers of the town have all been present at the morning exercises and have given some helpful talks on Civic Righteousness and ethical and moral principles.

In fine, the Institute has been pronounced one of the most beneficial yet held. As the week progressed, the teachers were imbued with the zeal for higher things. The work of the week closed Friday at noon and the teachers will go to their various schools with new and saner methods and higher ideals.

The following teachers answered to roll call: Misses Mattie Lipps, Kate Bogle, Frances North, Nell Ellis, Anna Hatfield, Margaret Hopper, Annie McKinney, Jennie Newland, Ella Pettus, Lizzie Pettus, Kate Wells, Lula Earles, Viola Brady, Dollie Singleton, Mary Hubbard, Sarah Howard, Zora Baugh, Sarah Greer, Ophelia Warren, Julia Williams, Lucy Hubble, Elsie Singleton, Ethel Wilson, Bertha Lucas, Julia Darnon, Fannie Spears, Fannie Young, Elizabeth Leigh, Effie Young, Ola Godby, Agnes McChord, Della Godby, Maud Brown, Ethel Adams, Emma Holtzclaw, Ruby Carroll, Mary Wilson, Mesdames Caley Newell, H. D. Phillips, Dolly McBee, Marguerite Spiter. Messrs. A. H. Long, Herbert Reynolds, George Bourne, Walter Singleton, Virgil McMullin, T. D. Lay, M. M. Thompson, Hobart Burnette, Cyrus Johnson, Curtis Wilson, T. H. Hancock, J. A. Hays, E. L. Grubbs, Lansing Lanham, W. T. White, J. E. Bennett, Cornelius Floyd, K. G. Martin, Caleb Newell, Roscoe Wheelon, Denny Gooch, E. G. Gilliland, E. O. Gooch, V. C. Durham, S. S. Robinson, Harvey Hopkins.

## IS DEAD IN TENNESSEE

Friends here have received the sad news of the death at East Lake, Tennessee, of D. A. Twaddle, which occurred at East Lake, on June 20th of cancer. He was 55 years of age and is survived by his wife, who is a daughter of the late H. J. Dudderar, of Lincoln county. The heartfelt sympathy of the many friends in her old home will go out to her in this dark hour of her sorrow.

## WOMEN WANT STREETS OILED

CLUB WILL ENDEAVOR TO RAISE FUND FOR PURPOSE—SUNDAY CLOSING APPROVED.

The women of Stanford of at least those who belong to the Women's Improvement Club are heartily in favor of the lid clanging down tight every Sunday. At the regular monthly meeting of the feminine organization Wednesday afternoon, strong resolutions were adopted commending the city council for rigidly enforcing the Sunday closing law.

That pesky nuisance, the house fly was given thorough discussion, also at this meeting and pronounced totally unfit and undesirable for association with people if it can possibly be prevented. A strong article was read by Mrs. W. A. Tribble, showing what havoc can be started by this pestiferous little creature especially in the way of spreading disease germs.

The meeting was held at the Presbyterian church and much work discussed. The club members are very anxious to have the streets down down oiled and will endeavor to raise enough money by private subscription to carry it out if the council does not see fit to do it. The city fathers will be asked to have back premises of several stores in town cleaned up, the women's attention having been called to several instances which need attention.

Resolutions adopted by the club were:

Resolved, That we, the Woman's Improvement Club of Stanford, endorse the action of the City Council in regard to the Sunday closing of all business firms and congratulate the citizens that the Council by this act pledges the enforcement of this statutory law, which lifts up a better standard for the people.

Resolved, That we express our highest esteem and warmest approval of the ordinance passed prohibiting the exhibition of all immoral pictures in the town, and we pledge our co-operation in developing higher ideals for the moral tone of our community.

Resolved, That we respectfully petition the city council to take proper steps to prohibit any refuse being dumped or drained into the little stream flowing through our city that the health of the people may be safeguarded. To prohibit all spitting on the sidewalks and in all public places, to prevent the spreading of disease.

Mrs. P. M. McRoberts, Sec'y  
Mrs. J. J. Dickey, Pres

## To Call Pastor

CONGREGATIONAL MEETING OF PRESBYTERIANS CALLED

A congregational meeting of the Presbyterian church has been called for Sunday next July 17th at 11 a. m., a full attendance is desired. It is expected that at this meeting a pastor will be called. The local congregation has been without a leader for about a year, since Rev. J. L. Vandell resigned to take up work in the mountains.

The names of several ministers who have been heard in the pulpit here during that time will be presented to the congregation for action.

## Will Go To Indiana

YOUNG COMPTON TO TURN OVER NEW LEAF

Buena Vista Compton, the West End boy, who was recently released from the penitentiary at Frankfort by pardon from Gov. Willson, has returned to his home. He was in Stanford last week and said that his experience had been a lesson to him and that he intended to turn over a new leaf and be a different man in the future. In order that he may make a good start in new environment, he said that he was making preparations to leave Lincoln county and to make his home in Indiana in the future.

## Hustonville.

Rev. W. S. Willis will preach at the Christian church Sunday morning on the subject "The New Testament Teaching of Hell." Union services will be held at the Presbyterian church in the evening at 8 o'clock at which Rev. Willis will preach on the Parable of the Ten Virgins.

## LOCAL BANK GETS ON ROLL OF HONOR

SURPLUS EXCEEDS CAPITAL STOCK—BANKS OF COUNTY MAKE SPLENDID REPORTS.

The Lincoln County National Bank has just received notification from The Financier, the banking newspaper of New York, of its attaining the position of a roll of honor bank, that is one which has a surplus equal to or greater than its capital stock. The local institution is the fifth bank in the State to attain this noteworthy distinction and its friends and patrons are very proud of this splendid record. In its letter to the bank the Financier says:

"We note with a great deal of pleasure that your excellent institution is now a roll of honor bank, and beg to say that you will occupy your proper position on the next forthcoming roll of honor. So far as we can figure at present you are No. 5 in the State of Kentucky, and in your local advertising you can assume this to be correct. We have an idea that your accession as a roll of honor bank will create a great deal of comment in your local community."

All of the Lincoln county financial institutions make splendid showings of business for the past six months in their statements just published in the Interior Journal. Their reports show a total of \$750,266.17 on deposit, which is indicative of the prosperous conditions which prevail in the county. Each one of the eight banks shows a nice increase in business and each carried a goodly amount to its surplus yet was able to declare a healthy dividend. Lincoln is one of the best banking communities in the State. With the addition of the State Bank and Trust Company to the ranks about the first of September, there will be nine financial institutions in this county, all capably managed and working for the interests of their patrons and stockholders.

## Horrible Affair

TRAMP ATTACKS YOUNG MERCER COUNTY GIRL

An unknown white man, supposed to be a tramp, assaulted Mary Ashford, a 12-year-old child near Monday's Landing, Mercer county, this week. The child had gone to the rural mail box several hundred yards from her home and the man, seated on the roadside nearby, called to her to come to him saying that he had something to tell her.

When she approached him, he grabbed her and threw his hand over her mouth. The child fought heroically and in the struggle all her clothing was torn from her body. Her cries attracted a negro man some distance away, who hurried toward the scene. Seeing the negro approaching, the tramp relinquished his hold on the little girl, jumped the fence and escaped into the Kentucky river cliffs. The negro fired three shots after the tramp as he ran away. Officers and bloodhounds are on the trail of the tramp and there is much excitement in the community.

## New Officers

INSTALLED BY STANFORD LODGE OF ODD FELLOWS.

At the last meeting of Stanford lodge, No. 156 I. O. O. F. the newly elected officers for the ensuing year were installed with due ceremony. A special meeting has been called for next Tuesday evening when some important business will be transacted. The new officers are:

Noble Grand—T. W. Pennington.  
Vice Grand—W. L. McCarty.  
Secretary—E. C. Garman.  
Treasurer—J. C. McClary.  
Host—J. H. Engleman.

## Kings Mountain.

Born to the wife of Ed W. Dunlap a fine seven and a half pound Democrat. Mother and son are doing well and the father as well as could be expected.

## A WRETCHED MISTAKE.

to endure the itching, painful distress of piles. There's no need to listen: "I suffered much from piles," writes Will A. Marsh, of Siler City, N. C., "till I got a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and was soon cured." Burns, boils, ulcers, fever sores, eczema, cuts, chapped hands, chilblains vanish before it. 25c at Penny's Drug Store.

## CULMINATION OF HAPPY ROMANCE

GARRARD COUNTY COUPLE WED IN CINCINNATI—LIVE LANCASTER NEWS.

Lancaster, July 14

The culmination of a happy love affair ended in the marriage at the Palace Hotel at Cincinnati of Miss Katherine Conn and Homer Tinsley of this city, Rev. Roughton of the Queen City performed the ceremony. The bride is quite a gifted musician and is a handsome young woman, while the groom is the county surgeon of Garrard and the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Tinsley, of McCreary. After a weeks' bridal trip to French Lick springs they will return to Lancaster and receive congratulations of their many friends.

Messrs. Ed and N. B. Price sold a Jersey Duroc sow and 9 pigs to J. W. Elmore for \$60, also a hog to J. D. Pope for \$30. Owsley Cox sold a mare to E. C. McWhorter, of Paint Lick for \$200. V. A. Lear shipped two car loads of lambs to city markets Wednesday, prices ranging from 5 1-2 to 7 1-2c per pound.

Enoch Gilliland, of Pendletons Gap, Va., was arrested at Lock No. 8 in the lower part of Garrard by deputy sheriff C. H. Robinson on the charge of killing a man 2 1-2 years ago. He was brought to town and incarcerated in the county jail. The prisoner admits he is guilty.

Prof. Clarence N. Poague, at on time a teacher in Garrard college but for the past two years principal of the high school at West Liberty, Ky., has just received a call as pastor to the Bellevue Christian church one of the wealthiest in the city of Baltimore.

Two nice Jersey cows for sale. Carroll Shanks.

Mrs. T. R. Postle, of South Pasadena, California, is here visiting her aunt Mrs. Ann Robinson. Mrs. John S. Baughman and little son Brannon, of Danville, have been recent guests of Mrs. Luther Gibbs. Misses Edna and Martha Kavanaugh are at home from a visit to Richmond relatives.

Mrs. Luther Gibbs is at home after a stay at Battle Creek Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Haselden and Mrs. B. F. Walter made an enjoyable auto trip to Louisville returning by way of Lawrenceburg, Frankfort, Lexington and Nicholasville.

Miss Mary Goodloe Lackey, of Kansas City is here visiting her grandmother Mrs. Mary Lackey. Miss Alberta Anderson is at home after a visit to her aunt, Miss Dove Harris, of Danville. Misses Sallie Marrs Sparks and Julia Woodcock, of Nicholasville, and Roy Land Lexington, were guests of Miss Margaret Kinnaird. Mrs. J. E. Dickerson gave a handsome dinner in honor of the recent bride and groom Mr. and Mrs. Rice, of Richmond, Ind., and James Stanghton, of Covington, were also honor guests.

Mrs. Wm. Ray wife of former representative Wm. Ray died at her home in Richmond of apoplexy where she had been living for about two years with her daughter. Besides her husband she leaves four daughters, Mrs. Porter Wearan and Della Ford Ray. The burial was at Buckeye her old home.

Mrs. W. T. Browning and children of Lexington are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson. Mrs. J. B. Paxton, daughter Jean and little son James, of Stanford are with Mrs. Paxton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Robinson this week.

Mrs. Wm. Duerson and son, of Wellington, Kansas, are visiting Mrs. R. L. Nagon and family. O. W. Shugars, of Indianapolis, is with his father Judge Wm. Shugars. Miss Lillian Kinnaird is at home after a protracted visit to Mrs. W. R. Burnside, of Barbourville. Miss Allie Yantis and Kathleen Walters form a house party at the home of Miss Bessie Yantis of Stanford.

Mrs. Wm. R. Marrs, of Knoxville is with her sisters Misses Beatie and Allie Anderson. Mrs. A. Howard Rice has returned to her home in Richmond, Ind., after a visit to her mother Mrs. H. A. B. Marksberry. Mrs. Ed Walker and daughter, Miss Jane, are at home after a stay at Hot Springs, Ark.

Wm. Fox Logan, of New York City, who has been a visitor in Lancaster for some days past was taken by his uncle Mr. Hugh T. Logan and Dr. James B. Kinnaird Sunday to the city of Louisville where he will be operated on for appendicitis. Later reports were that the young man was doing nicely and that the operation which was performed by Dr. L. M. McMurry was quite a success.

## BALL GAME AT MORELAND.

fast game of ball will be played at Moreland Saturday afternoon when the Hustonville team will meet the crack Moreland nine. A large attendance is expected.

## Question Of Pool

WILL BE PUT UP TO TOBACCO GROWERS THEMSELVES

At the meeting of the District Board of the Burley tobacco society in Lexington this week, the question of a pool for this year's crop was decided by the passage of this resolution which puts the question directly up to the growers themselves:

"To the Officers and Members of the District Board of the Burley Tobacco Society:

"Your committee to whom was referred the question taken up for reconsideration would respectfully beg to submit the following report which we recommend as the proper action for this board:

"We will, prior to October 1, 1910 or we will recommend that our successors take such action on or before November 1, submit to the poolers of the 1910 crop all information in our possession as to the number of acres of Burley tobacco pooled in the district, and the number of acres planted and unpooled in said district, and place upon them (the poolers) the responsibility of declaring a pool by a vote of the various precincts in each county at the time and in the manner hereinafter suggested by the Burley Board of its committee.

"Each pooler at said election to be permitted to vote upon the question the number of acres he has pooled, and will be supplied with a ballot for that purpose. After said vote is taken at the precinct the result will be reported immediately to the county Board, where a record of same will be made on the minutes of said county Board and the results tabulated and counted and reported to headquarters at Lexington.

"The result of the entire district will then be ascertained at headquarters by careful computation and count and the question of determining whether or not a pool shall be declared off or on shall be ascertained by this final count the majority of the votes to determine the matter either for or against the pool."

## Fine Performance

GIVEN BY HUSTONVILLE HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

Hustonville July 13

The students of the Hustonville High School, under the direction of Prof. S. S. Robinson, pleased a fair audience at Alcorn's Opera House last Saturday evening by their presentation of a five act comedy, "The Deacon" for most of those who took part, this was but the second appearance in public and the performance was most creditable. The play was sufficiently varied in character to please the most diverse tastes, appealing alike to the lover of the melodramatic and the comic.

Messrs. James Hall and Tom Back, as "the Deacon" and the villain, respectively, did credit to the leading roles. Carlisle Myers as Pete, a negro servant, was decidedly the hit of the evening with the little folks, while Paul Willis was successful as the "Deacons" boy, Miss Anna Barker as Miss Fawcett, of uncertain age, was excellent, but to Miss Blanche Barnette, the rejected consort of the villain, must be credited the most difficult role. Misses Isa Floyd, Ella Barnette and Anna Dwyer sustained their parts acceptably, while little Miss Roberta Blain is always happy on the stage. Messrs. Roger Hicks and Orestus Floyd were well up to the standard. John Hicks as the organ grinder needed only but the moniker to "get a run" and the Barnette gave pointers to the resident parsons on "get up" and ministerial dignity.

Between acts a humorous recitation by Miss Blanche Barnette and music, instrumental and vocal, helped to maintain the excitement of the audience, and restrain their impatience for the next scene. Prof. Robinson is to be congratulated on the success he has met with while working under difficulties incident to vacation time. The receipts of last night go toward the very commendable object of buying a library for the High School.

Miss Lois Willis assisted with the music and has the thanks of all for her timely help.

## BEST CHAPLAIN STATE PRISON EVER HAD

YET COMMISSOIN WILL REMOVE REV. JOSEPH SEVERANCE FROM OFFICE

Rev. Joseph Severance, formerly of this city, who has made the best Chaplain the State Penitentiary ever had will be retired by the board of Prison Commissioners this month. Speaking of the matter the Frankfort State Journal says:

The term of office of Dr. Joe Severance as prison chaplain will not end with the next meeting of the Prison Board, but nevertheless he will be succeeded by Rev. Walter Vreeland, of this city, a Methodist minister who is a brother of Graham Vreeland, managing editor of the Courier-Journal. It has been rumored since the last session of the Legislature that Dr. Severance would be succeeded by Rev. Vreeland, but the general impression prevailed that the prison Commission would permit Dr. Severance to serve out his term inasmuch as he has established himself here with his family, consisting of his wife and several little children.

It has been given out that Dr. Severance would resign but that is not the case, for Dr. Severance says that he has had no intention of resigning. As a spiritual advisor those who are familiar with that part of the prison life say that Dr. Severance has been one of the most successful men ever to occupy the post at the prison. The good discipline maintained at the prison is said to be in a large measure due to the faithful and attentive work of Dr. Severance. He has the reputation of having converted as many men who were in the prison as any other chaplain ever to occupy the post, and he is the man who started the night school among the convicts that enabled many of them to learn to read and write so that they will be able to improve their minds and their spiritual being while convicts. This night school was not a part of the regular work of the chaplain, but was carried on last winter by Dr. Severance simply because he was so enthusiastic about his work and his desire to do good among the convicts. The many friends of Dr. Severance will regret to hear that he is going to lose his position as chaplain but the convicts will be the greatest losers.

## 106 Indictments

RETURNED BY CASEY COUNTY GRAND JURY—OTHER NEWS

Middleburg, July 14.

The late grand jury at Liberty got a move on itself and returned 106 indictments. Circuit court adjourned and left much of the docket until the next term. John Chapman was tried for the killing of J. W. Luttrell last August and was acquitted. Other cases connected with that double killing were continued until the November term. The jury failed to agree on a verdict in the case against Alva Ellis for shooting Allen Ellis last March.

It will be observed from this letter that news is scarce in this section, but news is never more plentiful.

Middleburg has always been noted for fat men and she still keeps up her reputation along that line. There are some half dozen 200-pounders here now and they are a pretty jolly set.

Caleb Powers was billed to speak at Yosemite Wednesday. Edwards and Powers have out their mud slingers and they seem to be quite busy. They seem to have realized that they have quite a lot of slinging to do and have placed a full force of slingers in the field in order to get it all slung by Sept. 15, as they will not be allowed to sling any after that date. Charles Finley is the boss slinger of the whole lay-out.

Mrs. Spurlin Sharp, of New Castle, is here with relatives for a stay of some months or more. Mrs. H. M. Shouse, of Danville, was here Sunday.

Rev. James Balintyne, of Georgetown, filled his regular appointment at the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening. He preached at Latham's school house Sunday afternoon.

The picnic at Jones' park Saturday was well attended and the crowd was a most orderly one. If there was a drop of whisky on the grounds, it did not show itself. The program gotten up by young ladies of the Methodist and Baptist Sunday schools was well rendered by the children and seemingly highly appreciated by those present. Rev. J. S. Taylor, J. L. Adkins, J. Q. Montgomery and James Walintyne made appropriate talks.



# THE GREAT DANVILLE FAIR,

## August 3, 4 and 5, 1910.

THE FLORAL HALL and poultry departments have been placed back as of old at The Danville Fair. Unlimited seating capacity. Plenty of shelter and shade. Attractions of every description. Reduced rates on all railroads. Pony races, mule races, saddle stakes, Etc. A hearty hand-shake and a welcome awaits everyone.

For further information, write,

I. M. DUNN, Sec'y  
DANVILLE, KENTUCKY.

### THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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ford, Ky., as Second Class mail.

#### ONE DIVORCE THAT IS NEEDED

(W. P. Walton in Lexington Herald.)

Mr. Bryan insists on divorcing the democratic party from the liquor traffic and those who have the party's interests truly at heart will say Amen. Kentucky's Democracy has felt the blighting effects of liquor domination. Because it is the majority party it has aligned itself with it the better to carry out its designs. When unable to do so through the Democratic party, it has no scruples to join forces with the Republicans. The fact is the liquor leaders have no politics that does not lead to self interest. The traffic is always paramount to any other consideration.

Governor Beckham did not bend the knee to the liquor people and four creatures calling themselves democrats were secured by them to vote against the regular nominee for United States Senator and to elect a Republican, although the General Assembly had a nominal democratic majority.

It was the liquor interests that prevented the last Legislature from giving women school suffrage, fearful that it would be a long step toward the general enfranchisement of women, which would mean its absolute destruction.

Various and sundry evidence of the baleful effect of liquor domination in politics have presented themselves and are constantly doing so. It is much domination that has driven many to the prohibitionists determined to go to any length to scotch, if they can not eradicate the evil. In this pernicious activity in politics the liquor people are working out their own destruction. Better far to them that they be satisfied with half a loaf. They will find it superior than no bread which will be their fate if they do not cease their rule or ruin efforts.

The lengths to which those who favor the sale of liquor will go is shown by the disgraceful lynching at Newark O., of a detective, who by the way was a Kentuckian. True he killed a "speak easy" operator but not till the law breaker had attempted to beat him up and from this distance it appears that the lynching was not so much over the killing of one of their favorites as because he was engaged in a detective work against those who were operating saloons in defiance of the local option law. In either case it was a most outrageous proceeding and unless the Ohio authorities shall bring the perpetrators of the dastardly deed to condign punishment the time-honored plot will continue to increase. It oughtn't to be hard to convict the cravens. The dispatches say there were no masks or attempts at disguise. The liquor advocates composed the mob. The writer being a democrat is opposed to sumptuary laws, but the liquor people as a rule seem determined to drive him and others who feel as he does to any extremes to control and cut out the influence in politics that if permitted to dominate will sap the vitals of the party permitting it.

Therefore we join Mr. Bryan in insisting upon a complete divorce of the democratic party from liquor domination and feel assured that the party is ripe for a firm stand on the question.

The Harrodsburg Republican is predicting that Ben Johnson will be nominated by the democrats for governor. The wish is evidently father to the thought. All of the Republican officials of Frankfort are praying for the nomination of Johnson for they say they are confident they can beat him. Not a one has been foolish enough to suggest that they can defeat McCreary, who will be the nominee.

#### SO DECEPTIVE

Many Stanford People Fail to Realize the Seriousness

Backache is so deceptive. It comes and goes—keeps you guessing. Learn the cause—then cure it. Nine times out of ten it comes from the kidneys. That's why Doan's Kidney Pills cure it. Cure every kidney ill from backache to diabetes.

We present the following case in proof:

Thomas Elkin, Danville street, Lancaster, Ky., says: "For a great many years I was a sufferer from kidney complaint and I had such severe pains in the small of my back that I was hardly able to get about. The many remedies I use failed to help me until upon the advice of a friend, I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. In a short time after beginning their use I improved and it was not long before I was restored to perfect health. I give Doan's Kidney Pills the entire credit for the great change in my condition and I recommend them as a reliable kidney remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

#### At McKinney

WAR ON WHITE PLAGUE WILL BE WAGED NEXT.

Dr. J. G. Carpenter, who has been waging bitter war on the great White Plague all over Lincoln county and in this part of the state, will go to McKinney Sunday afternoon to speak in the campaign. He will be ably assisted by Drs. Singleton and Grider. The meeting will be held at the Baptist church Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Everyone is invited to attend and hear the new gospel of health.

Dr. Carpenter is receiving congratulations from leading medical men and societies all over the state for the good work he is doing.

#### BOHON FAMILY REUNION

Members of the Bohon family, one of the most prominent in Central Kentucky, held a reunion at the home of Col. and Mrs. George Bohon, in Harrodsburg last week. The happy event was the first time all of them had been together since the death of their mother 20 years ago. Those present were Dr. J. Tom Bohon, of Hustonville, William J. Bohon, of Louisville, R. S. Bohon, of Decatur, Ill., Col. Geo. Bohon and family and their sister, Mrs. L. W. Hudson, and Mr. Hudson, of Atlanta, Ga.

### Good News

"I write to tell you the good news that Cardui has helped me so much and I think it is just worth its weight in gold," writes Mrs. Maryan Marshall, of Woodstock, Ga. "I do hope and trust that ladies who are suffering as I did, will take Cardui, for it has been a God's blessing to me, and will certainly help every lady who is suffering."

**Take CARDUI**

The Woman's Tonic

No matter if you suffer from headache, backache, pains in arms, shoulders and legs, dragging-down feelings, etc., or if you feel tired, weary, worn-out and generally miserable—Cardui will help you. It has helped thousands of other weak, sick ladies and if you will only give it a trial, you will be thankful ever after.



WE STAND BEHIND OUR CARRIAGES WITH A GUARANTEE THAT WE ARE RIGHT HERE TO MAKE GOOD.

OUR CARRIAGES ARE BUILT ON HONOR AND SOLD THAT WAY.

NEW STOCK OF BUGGY HARNESS RECEIVED THIS WEEK.

**W. H. HIGGINS,**  
Stanford, Kentucky.

#### MAKING LIFE SAFER

Everywhere life is being made more safe through the work of Dr. King's New Life Pills in constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, liver troubles, kidney diseases and bowel disorders. They're easy, but sure, and perfectly build up the health. 25c at any Drug Store.



THOUGH YOU ESCAPE

WITH YOUR LIFE

What good is it, if a fire leaves you penniless? You are not as young as you used to be. Starting over again to make a home will be a disheartening struggle. Let us insure you so that such a possibility may be rendered impossible. Think of your wife as well as yourself. You should get insured on her account anyway.

Fish & Pennington,

Stanford, Ky., Phone 200



YOU GET THE BEST OF THE BARGAIN

when you buy our Baughman's Fancy Patent No. 1 Flour at our price. Judging by comparison our flour is worth more than we ask for it. Buy a sack and we know you will agree with us. Especially when you see how far our Baughman's Fancy Patent No. 1 flour goes and how much better are your bread, cakes and pastry.

J. H. Baughman & Co.

A. W. CURD, AUCTIONEER,  
Burgin, Kentucky.

I am a graduate of Jones' National School of Auctioneers, Chicago, and have had experience in the big cattle sales at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, where we sold some thoroughbreds as high as \$1,500. Also in horse sales where \$5 sales were made each day. Auctioneering is a science and I have studied it with this idea. See or phone me before you arrange for your sale. I can make sales to your advantage. PHONE 25-R

Spring & Summer Stock.

Have your measure taken by a tailor of experience. Then your clothes, whether a low price business suit or the finest evening clothes, will have that individuality and fit which plainly indicate they were made to your measure. I will also take your measure for extra trousers, fancy vests, top coats and overcoats. Spring and Summer samples on hand ready for your inspection.

H. O. RUPLEY, The Tailor,  
Stanford, Ky.

#### Bring Your Produce To Us.

We have opened a produce house on Somerset street and will pay the highest market price for all kinds of country produce. Bring us your stuff.

M. O. BASTIN & CO.,  
Stanford, Ky.

#### BLACKSMITHING!

Bring your Blacksmithing and general repair work to me. Horse shoeing, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Shop opposite Phillips' concrete store.

JAMES BRACKETT,  
Stanford, Ky.

#### J. L. Beazley & Co.,



Undertakers and Embalmers. Also Dealers in Furniture, Mattings, Rugs. They will exchange Furniture for all Kinds of Stock. Give Them a Call. Prices Right.

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No. 25, North, 5:45 P. M.  
No. 27, 10:20 A. M.  
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Lincoln Lodge No. 60, F. & A. M. will meet in stated communication on each first and third Monday nights of each month, at 7:30 o'clock in their hall on main street, Stanford, Ky. Members of sister lodges are fraternally invited to be present. T. W. Pennington Sec.

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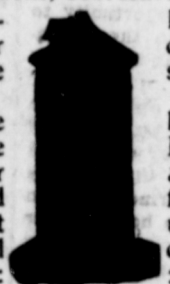
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EAST TENNESSEE TEL. &amp; TEL. CO.

(INCORPORATED)

The Island of  
REGENERATION  
By CYRUS  
TOWNSEND  
BRADY  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS

## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage, and not able to speak in any known language.

CHAPTER II.—She decides to educate him. She finds him in an attitude of prayer, babbling an incoherent jargon.

CHAPTER III.—She finds a human skeleton and the skeleton of a dog. She finds a Bible and a silver box bearing the name of John Revell Charnock, with a date 25 years before her landing.

not tell exactly in what mood her prisoner might be. Indeed, she approached him with a certain terror, accounted for partly by the situation and partly by the fact that in making this change in her garments she had, as it were, cut herself off from civilization and brought herself in some degree at least nearer his physical level. But she could not leave him there all night. Summoning her courage, therefore, and with a bold front before him, she advanced to the tree and untied the rope from the trunk and untied it from his neck as well. He stood silent, unresisting through it all, a rather pitiful figure she thought at first, until he was freed from the degrading halter.

Then she waited in intense and eager curiosity as to what he should do next. The iron in his situation had eaten into his soul. He had been mastered by force. He could not understand it. He did not love the mastery. Still, without the knowledge of his own powers, there occurred to him no way to resent the ignominy to which he had been subjected. He turned and walked away from her. She stood amazed, staring after him. It was the first time he had withdrawn himself from her presence. Where was he going? Was this a declaration of war? Was there to be enmity between them? In vague terror, moved by a sudden impulse again, she called him.

"Man!" she said. He stopped, hesitated, looked back, turned and went on again. He was deeply hurt. She could not see him go. It was unthinkable that the should go. He was dangerous away from her. By her side she could control him.

"Man!" she called again. But this time he did not heed. An idea sprang to her brain, working quickly under the pressure. She lifted up her voice, for he was far from her now and plodding steadily, doggedly toward the trees.

"John!" she cried. "John Revell Charnock!"

And at that sound the man stopped. He turned and looked at her again. "John!" she repeated. "John!"

She approached him. As she did so and when she could get near enough to him, she observed that wrinkling of the brow, that look of amazement which she had noticed before. It was as if some latent memory, some recollection of the past, were struggling against the obscurity of years, as if something were endeavoring to thrust itself through a sea of oblivion and forgetfulness that overwhelmed his mind, as if she were a voice which brought back things he could neither understand nor utter, and yet which meant something to him.

"John!" she cried again, coming nearer to him.

She thrust out her hand; she touched him. Again she noticed that strange emotion consequent upon her touch. She laid her hand upon his shoulder. There was amity, confidence, reassurance. She patted him as she might a dog.

"John!" she said, and then she turned away and walked toward the shore.

Obediently he followed her. She thrust the knife between her waist and the rope which she had rapidly twisted about her middle and walked on in triumph. If he had learned something, so had she. Some one else had called this man John in days gone by. The sound was not unfamiliar to him. He answered to his name. That was he, John Revell Charnock! She felt as if she were entering upon the solution of the mystery of his presence. Perhaps the morrow would tell. She would examine that boat and those decaying evidences of humanity on the farther shore.

She felt elated that night ere she went to sleep in the cave. The clue to the mystery she fancied was in her hand. She had such occupation before her as she had never hoped to come upon in a desert island, at least. The rope added to her security. By piling stones before the entrance to the cave and reinforcing them with the boards from the wreck of the boat and some fallen tree branches on the shore, she made a sort of a barrier to it, not a barrier that would have kept out of the cave any one who desired to enter, but one which would have to be removed before one could enter. And she so arranged matters, tying the end of the rope to her wrist, that any attempt to remove it would immediately awaken her. That night she slept secure and unmolested.

## CHAPTER IV.

Lesson and Labor.

The task to which she set herself in

the morning would have been an impossible one to many women, and indeed it was a hard one to her. The buried boat lay in the sand some rods distant from the nearest tree. There was absolutely no shelter from the fierce heat of the tropic sun. She was not yet fully accustomed to it, and indeed perhaps she never would be able to endure it without some sort of a head covering. She improvised a bonnet from the leaf of a low springing palm tree, which, with her remaining handkerchief, she tied about her head. And then with her watchful friend by her side she descended the beach to the boat and began to dig.

It was hard and very tedious work. With the flat make-shift shovel in the shape of the rough piece of board it was almost impossible to lift the sand. Yet she attacked the task resolutely and persevered sturdily for a long time until the sweat beaded her forehead, her back ached, her hands, unused to manual toil of any kind, were almost blistered. She realized at last that she would have to give it over.

She wondered as she ceased her labors whether the constant observation which the man had subjected her to would enable him to continue the work. As an experiment she handed him the shovel, stepped out of the excavation she had made and pointed toward it. He understood instantly. She was surprised at the unusual quickness of his apprehension, for he set to work with a right good will and in a minute the sand was flying. She noticed half in envy how much more progress he made than she could effect. What was labor for her was play for him, and yet after a little space he stopped, threw down the shovel and looked at her.

She had got in the habit of speaking to him as if he understood, so she pointed to the shovel again, exclaiming: "Pick it up and go on."

Her meaning was obvious to him if her language was not. It equally was evident to her that he had no desire whatever to proceed with his task, but he was still under the constraint of her superior personality and presently he did as she bade him. It amused her to reflect that to all the other lessons, so remarkable as almost to make his brain reel and whirl, he was now learning the lesson of toil. If she could only keep pace with these great abstract concepts she was putting into his being by giving him some mental realization of them, so that the spiritual development would keep pace with the practical, she would be thoroughly satisfied with her educational processes.

She mused on the problem as he labored silently and vigorously. He stopped once or twice, but she kept him to it, a feat vastly greater than she realized, until the interior of the boat, which was a small ship's boat, a dinghy, had been entirely cleared out. She had watched carefully every



She Watched Carefully Every Spade-ful of Sand.

spade-ful of sand which had been tossed over the buried gunwales and now she searched eagerly the boat itself. Her inspection revealed nothing. There were lockers at either end. These she opened, finding nothing therein but mouldering remains of cloth, bags of some sort which she surmised might have contained ship's bread, and a little barrel or keg, which had probably carried water for the voyagers.

The boat appeared to be in an excellent state of preservation. There were even a pair of oars lying on the thwart. If she could have dug it out of the sand entirely, she fancied she could have launched it and used it. But such a task was utterly beyond her. Besides there would have been no gain in having the boat afloat. She would not dare to take it out beyond the barrier reef and there was nothing to row for in the lagoon.

She easily broke the rotting lines with which the oars were secured and took them out. They would be useful perhaps in some way. And then after a long look at the boat and with a feeling that her labor had been mainly

when the thought struck her that sometimes boats carried the names of the ships to which they belonged on their bows or across their sterns. She had recourse to the shovel once more, and after some deliberation essayed the stern of the boat.

It was not so hard to shovel the sand away from it and here she did make a discovery, for although the letters had been almost obliterated by the action of the sand, she could still make them out. After some study she decided that the name of the boat, or of the ship to which it had belonged, had been Nansemond of Norfolk, Virginia. That was the not result of the hard labors of a long morning. It told her something, but not much. Assuming that the man with her was John Revell Charnock and assuming that he had come to the island in the past on that boat, it indicated that he was at least an American and a Virginian. It identified him, if her suppositions were correct, and whether there was warrant for them or not, instinctively and naturally she concluded that she was correct.

Admitting all this, however, it gave her no clue from which to build a history. The testimony of the boat was interesting, that was all. Her first thought was to leave it where it was, but her second thought was better. With the aid of the stout piece of board which had served her for a shovel, she hammered away at the stern piece until she broke it off. She saw now that the boat must have lain there in the sand for many years, for the wood was brittle and the fastenings largely destroyed, for the storm piece came easily away. She laid it aside for a moment intending to preserve it with the Bible. Heaven knows what dream of future usefulness in the way of evidence establish-

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS OF  
LINCOLN COUNTY NATIONAL  
BANK.

At a meeting of the directors of this bank, at its banking house in Stanford, Ky., on June 18, 1910, it was resolved that a meeting of the shareholders be called to meet on Tuesday, July 26, 1910, at its banking office in Stanford, Ky., to vote on the proposition to amend the articles of association of this bank as follows:

First—To increase capital to \$100,000 and to authorize the directors to set price of new stock. Second—To increase the number of directors to fifteen. W. M. Bright, Cashier.



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My identity these might be, entered her mind.

Then she threw herself down under the trees and rested. She had left her watch, her precious watch, back in the cave with the book. She did not dare to carry it around with her. She had no way of carrying it in the thin, single garment which she wore, but she judged from the height of the man that it must be noon time. They made their meal off the fruits of the island, this time with a rich and juicy coconut added, which the man got for her at her suggestion in the sign language at which she was becoming expert, by climbing with wonderful agility, ape-like agility almost, one of the tall coconut palms with which the island abounded. There were fruits of various sorts in great plenty on the island and she was becoming accustomed to the diet by degrees.

She passed the noon hour in trying to add to the mental equipment of her companion. He could say a number of words now and had some idea of their meaning, although he had not yet attempted to frame sentences nor had she yet tried to teach him so to do. It was pleasant under the shade of the trees. She found herself marveling at times as to the contentment that possessed her, a product of the age suddenly plunged into the Eden-like existence which her forebears might have enjoyed ten thousand years before.

The hours ran on until the declining sun and the coolness that came with the late afternoon warned her that if she were to continue her explorations she must be about it immediately. So she rose and nerving herself to her task went toward the copse where lay the ghastly remains of what had been a human being. Flushing herself to the duty with her knife she carefully cut away the rushes, being particular not to disturb the bones of the skeletons. As before she did all this in the face of a vigorous remonstrance from the man. In some way, she could not tell how, the place was horrible to him. He would never have come near it evidently of his own will, and although the power of memory in him was but latent, the impression that had been produced upon him by what she found there at some period in his life was strong enough to make him avoid it forever.

She did not ask him for assistance. Indeed, she would not have trusted him with the knife under any circumstances, and he made no attempt to keep close to her. He stood on the outskirts of the copse in a great state of excitement, uttering without sequence or reason such words as she had taught him. To him, in this instance, she gave no heed.

Presently she had completely uncovered the two skeletons. She had studied anatomy, but was not a specialist in that department of human learning. She thought that the skeletons before her was that of a woman. She measured its length with a piece of tall grass and compared it with her own. They were both of a size. The soil in which the bones lay was soft and porous. Every vestige of clothing had long since rotted away and disappeared with the flesh it covered. If the person whose bones lay there had worn any article of gold or silver, which being rustless would have survived the long exposure, they were probably buried in the earth beneath the bones. She would attend to that later.

Then she looked toward the bones at the feet of the human remains and decided instantly that they were the bones of a dog. Across the vertebrae lay a piece of metal. She picked it up, recognizing it instantly as a plate which had probably belonged to a dog collar. There was an inscription on it which she did not take the trouble at the moment to read. Slipping it into the bosom of her tunic and making sure that the confining rope would keep it from falling out, she stooped down and gathered the bones of the human being up in her arms, repulsive as the task was, and carried them down to the boat on the beach. She laid them in the bottom of the boat carefully and then moved by a sudden impulse, she went back and gathered up those of the dog which she put in the boat also. It was an easy matter to tumble a few spadefuls of sand over the bones. Then she left them in that rude Viking sepulchre, knowing that time would soon refill the empty dinghy and the bones would be safely buried unless some other investigator should uncover them.

The man had assisted her in no way in this process, but his excitement was very great. While she stood looking down at the little heap of sand which covered all that remained of this forgotten and forgotten visitor to this island, wondering if the fate of that trespasser upon these silent shores would some day be hers, the man suddenly dropped on his knees as she had seen him do on her first night on the island. He put his hands together and began that mumbled jargon which she had not been able to understand, but which had seemed to her more like language than anything to which he had given vent. She was surprised beyond measure, yet she listened with every faculty on the alert if possible to comprehend what he had been saying, and presently a familiar sound or two flashed into her mind that he was making use of a prayer which he himself had used in childhood; that, absurd, fantastic, impossible though the conclusion was, he was saying the childish petition, "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

The first impulse of the woman was to laugh. The next impulse was to take off the palm leaf hat and stand with bowed head and clasped hands. What marvelous miracle was this that throughout the years which she could no longer doubt this man had spent alone on the island, there had

survived the one childish habit of prayer and that the one vestige of language which had remained to him was the language of petition. She did not believe in it, of course. It was absurd to her, but it was none the less wonderful. It filled her with a certain awe. It was as if some power had maintained a hold upon the consciousness of this man in this way.

"Now I lay me down to sleep!" How long it had been since she had said that! She believed nothing, she cared for nothing, but the woman hid her face in her hands for a moment. She clenched her teeth and forced out of her mind that which at that moment was striving for birth. She was to teach this man everything. She was to make him know life and history. She was to bring him in touch with all the glories of to-day and she recognized in that hour, although she did not and could not admit it, that perhaps he might teach her something as well, something that she had not known or something that she had forgotten, without the knowledge of which all her science was a vain, a foolish, a futile thing.

The little prayer was ended. The man rose to his feet. She took her spade and went back to the place where the bodies had lain and there began carefully to scrape away the earth, examining scrupulously every shovelful ere she threw it aside. In one place where the hand had lain, she remembered, her labors were rewarded. She came across two rings, a diamond and a plain circlet of gold. These she placed in her tunic with the collar and continued her digging.

It was growing late and growing dark, but she left no square inch of ground unexplored. She found nothing else. The rings belonged to a woman evidently. Her surmise in that particular was right. There were no other metal parts of her apparel left. The nails in her shoes, the steel of her corset had rusted away and left no sign. There was nothing remaining but the two little baubles pressing against her own warm flesh.

So intent had she been that the sun had gone down before she ceased and upon the island there descended that quick and sudden night of the tropics. The wind had risen, the old ocean was thundering on the barrier reef and a heavy sea breeze was shrieking through the trees. The sky on the horizon was overclouded and the clouds were rising rapidly. There would be a storm, which was developing with tropic rapidity. Quickly she retraced her steps along the sand toward the cave on the other side, the man following.

They had progressed not more than half way when the storm burst upon them. Peals of thunder and flashes of lightning filled the air. It was such a display of the Titanic forces of nature as might have appalled the stoutest heart. It filled the woman with a vague terror. She noticed with satisfaction that the man was entirely unmoved by the terrific demonstrations of nature. By the flashes of lightning as they stumbled along in the otherwise total blackness she could see his face serene. In a moment of apprehension she caught his hand with her own and clung to it tightly. It was the unconscious appeal of the physical weaker to the physical stronger. Her hand had clasped the hands of her fellow creatures many times. Never before had his palm met the palm of human being, much less a woman's. She could feel that tremor run through him, but by instinct, as it were, he met her hand clasp with his own, and together they made their way to the cave.

They had scarcely reached it when the rain burst upon them. The heavens were opened, the floods descended, they beat upon the sands in fury. She could not drive him out there in that flood for the night. She motioned him to come within the entrance of the cave which was sheltered from the wind and which was dry and still. She made him lie down near the entrance and then, withdrawing herself into a recess at the side, she disposed of the oars, which she had carried home on her shoulders, in front of her from wall to wall and lashing them with the rope to her person made another feeble barrier, but which would yet give the alarm to her and waken her if it were moved. And presently she went to sleep. She was too tired even to speculate on her discoveries or to piece them together; that would be occupation for the morning.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### The Voices of the Past.

It rained hard during most of the night. The woman slept lightly and whenever she woke she could hear outside of her sanctuary the roar of the storm. The man, as usual, slept the long hours through as undisturbed by the commotion as a child. It was apparent to her that he had absolutely no fear. Whether this was due to ignorance or temperament she could not say. Was fear, after all, under the conditions in which his life had been lived, a purely artificial quality, or was it natural and inherent? He had avoidances, abhorrences, antipathies, as the skeletons in the copse which she had buried. Was that avoidance fear or was it something else? Was it instinct or did it arise from recollection? She rather fancied the last. If so, it was evident that the man had been on the island a long time. It would have taken years for the metal that must have been about that woman's person to rust away, for the steel clasps of the dog's collar entirely to disappear.

Upon that faint memory that he cherished, upon that prayer that he prayed, she could build the foundation of his education. She had been so successful in training him and in restraining him, in influencing him and swaying

him so far that she had abundant confidence in her ability to do so to the end. It was quite evident that life would be easily supported under the conditions in which it must be lived on that island. She need have no physical concern as to her material well being or comfort, and here was mental education and stimulus which made her for the time being forget the rest of the world.

Indeed, she thought bitterly, as she lay awake during the long watches of the night, that the rest of the world was nothing to her and that she hated it. She, therefore, not only was becoming resigned to her situation, but was rejoicing in it. She would teach this man all she knew. She would teach him to think, to reflect, to reason. She would teach him to talk. Since she had a book, albeit a sorry one, she would teach him to read.

The rain fell more softly now. Her eyes drooped. She slept again only to wake and muse once more. She could have slept better had he been outside. How could he lie there in the complete and steeping insensibility of slumber? Her hand fell against her breast. There was the treasure trove of her existence the day before. What would they tell her? She could scarcely wait until morning to look. So she woke and slept and woke and slept until the day broke.

It was bright and sunshiny out, although there were ominous clouds all about the western horizon. It was probable that the rainy season was at hand, if not upon them. She regretted that she had not given more time to the study of nature, to the fauna and flora of the South seas, to the conditions of wind and weather under which life was lived there. Much philosophy would she gladly have parted with for such practical information. She had to piece her ideas of affairs out from scraps and tags of knowledge, unclassified, incoherent; from vague recollections of childhood stories and romances; from carelessly scanned collections of voyages, books of travel and adventure. The result was unsatisfactory. In some particulars the instinctive man before her was her master. At the things which went to make up physical comfort and well being in a state of absolute nature he certainly surpassed her.

She was thankful when she walked abroad that she had the shelter of the cave, for everything was drenched from the terrific downpour. If it was the beginning of the wet season she knew that the rains would soon come again. Still she luxuriated in what freedom she had. Without removing her single garment she plunged into the lagoon for a refreshing bath. The man followed her and swam about her, moving slowly, with less skill than she, but as easily as a porpoise plunges about the bow of a progressing ship.

Refreshed, she came back to the mouth of the cave and brought thence for a careful inspection all her worldly possessions, save the little heap of clothing which she had carefully piled upon the jutting shelf in the shadow of the cave for time of need. She ranged them on the sands before her. There was the Bible and the little silver box which she had found in the cave. She examined more critically its contents, wondering



The Man Followed Her and Swam About Her, Moving Slowly.

what they might be, and finally there came into her mind recognition that they were flint and steel. When she wished, she could make a fire. She was happy for the moment in the knowledge and then the uselessness of the power came across her curiously. What did she want of fire? There was nothing to cook. Its warmth was unnecessary. Still she was glad to have the ancient flame kindlers and she laid them aside carefully in the box, not knowing when they might be useful, under what circumstances invaluable. At least she might regard them as apparatus which would be helpful in the curriculum through which she meant her savage pupil should pass.

Then there was her watch which she guarded as the apple of her eye. It was an American watch of the very best make, and although it had gone with her through the waters such was the workmanship of the case that it had taken no harm. It was ticking away bravely, marking time. She thought that for her time had stopped, and yet she was glad, indeed, for the almost human sound it made when she laid it lovingly against her cheek.

There were the hairpins, also, for which she was most grateful. They enabled her to keep her hair in order. She had a wealth of glorious hair, black as the midnight sky. With the aid of the mirror and of the comb, which also was a priceless treasure

she arranged it carefully according to the mode which best became her. Sometimes when she had finished her toilet, she shot a glance at the watchful man, a human, natural instinctive glance, but she was able to detect no change in his mental attitude, which was that of such complete and entire adoration, mingled with timidity and hesitation, that no transient change apparently was able to modify it. He looked upon her as he might have looked upon a god, she thought, had he known what a god was and had there been such a thing to look at.

There was also the pair of scissors; together with the little housewife with needles and thread. Mirror, hairpins, scissors, sewing materials, comb—woman's gear and the Bible, a woman's book, she reflected with a certain bitterness, unconscious of the truth of her thought—a book for children, old women, and women-led men! Well, that philosophy upon which she prided herself must come to her assistance now and she could not afford to disdain the volume which was all that the world of many books offered to her for her purpose, because she did not believe in it. The truth was in her and she could tell him what it was despite the assertion of the printed pages.

In the leather bag there was absolutely nothing except broken glass and scratched bottle tops of silver and the bag itself was ruined. She separated the pieces of metal and the metal fittings of the bag, which were also of silver, and filling the rotting leather with sand she presently sank it in the lagoon.

Last of all she examined what she had brought from the other shore of the island the night before. The silver was tarnished, but by rubbing it in the sand she soon brightened it. It was heavily engraved and she had no difficulty in making out the words: "John Revell Charnock—His Dog." After that was a date "July 22, 1875." John Revell Charnock then would be 21 years old, assuming that this was he and that the dog had been given him when he was born. It was more probable, however, that he was from three to five years old before he became the owner of a dog, which would make him about 25.

The man before her looked younger to her scrutiny than that. Care and trouble had passed him by. With nothing to vex him he might have been any age. He would probably look just as he was for 20 years or more. Still fancifully adjusting external relations to internal relations, which, after all, she realized was the secret of life according to her favorite philosopher, she concluded that the man was 25, three years older than she at that moment, a proper difference in their ages for . . . Her face flamed. She scarcely knew why, and she turned to an inspection of the rings.

The first was a diamond, a solitaire, of rare beauty, she judged. Although she was not especially expert in such matters, she deemed it must be of great value. There was no inscription of any sort within the narrow hoop of gold, although she searched keenly the inner surface. The diamond was curiously set. There was an exquisite tracery of a little coat of arms on either side of the setting, done in miniature but with a skill to marvel at, too small even for her brilliant vision to decipher in detail.

The other she recognized with a sneer as one of those fetters of convention, a wedding ring. It was a heavier hoop of gold much engraved within. She washed it in the stream and rubbed it in the sand until she could make it out. "I. R. C." she read, "to M. P. T." There was a date after, September 10, 1869, and then these cabalistic words, "II. Cor. 12:15," which she presently divined to be a reference to some text in the Bible, fit source from which to select the "posy of a ring," agreeable to those who submit to such ancient follies as the well-named bonds of matrimony.

She reached for the Bible and with unfamiliar fingers searched through it until she found the place: "I will very gladly spend and be spent for you; though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved." The beauty of the phrase caught her fancy. She read with a strange new interest the chapter in which these words were shrined. The touch of human passion came to her across the long years and with the ring sparkling in her own white hand she embodied its tradition in personality and the woman who had been so loved stood before her. Her eyes fell again upon the man and the dream was broken.

She placed together now all that she had of him, smiling as she did so at the thought of certain strange stories she had read wherein men of marvelous deductive powers had brought to solution problems which appeared as impossible of detection as this presented to her.

John Revell Charnock, evidently the father of the man of the island, had married one M. P. T. on the 10th of September, 1869. Perhaps within a year afterward this John Revell Charnock, assuming him, as was likely, to have borne his father's name, was born. The best English stock in the colony were Massachusetts and Virginia. The stern piece of the boat borne the name of a Virginia river and of a Virginia town. The man before her was a Virginian, therefore. Say he was born in 1871, it would make him 25 years old, in accordance with her first guess. The father and mother, possibly ruined by the results of the civil war, had embarked on some vessel to seek a fortune in a new land. Something had happened to the ship and the woman, the little boy and the dog had landed in some way upon these shores alone after some horrible voyage, perhaps like that she had read about.

have been five or six years old, else he would have died being deserted. The woman had, indeed, died, and the dog with her, and left the lad alone. Alone he had been for a score of years on that island. What watchful Providence? . . . Stop! She believed in no Providence. What strange mysterious fate kept him from the fate of the other two, had preserved him alone . . . for her?

So she wove a history out of her treasure trove for this man, a history which at least satisfied her and which the more she reasoned about it and the more she tested it, seemed absolutely adequate and entirely correct. Well, she had opportunity now and she was glad. She faced the future calmly, recognizing her chance and her work and set about with systematic method, order and persistence to teach this man what it was to be a human being, to give him, as rapidly as she might communicate it and as he might receive it, all the learning she possessed, to compensate him with no further delay for those 25 years of silence.

Was it for this she had been trained and educated at great cost of time and money and effort? That she being a woman should give it all to this one man without money and without price?

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### The Baseless Fabric.

True philosophy is ascetic. It may best be practiced under conditions in which the material is in abeyance. It exalts the spiritual. It is distinguished by indifference to environment. There is nothing so fatal to its profession as extravagance. Frugality is to the philosopher what modesty is to a woman—the essential thing without which it and she cease to be.

The atmosphere into which Katherine Brenton was suddenly plunged by her bold step was the very antithesis of these requirements. It was unhealthy, and like unhealthy air it bred disaster. She had been trained to independence of conditions, to disregard of circumstances, as well as to disdain of restraint; but there was that within her surroundings which, from her first experience of them, she felt instinctively to be vitiating, which tended to deprave, which precluded the exercise of clear, uninfluenced mentality. Especially in her case was this true since the luxury with which she had been surrounded appealed so subtly to the preponderant, and it must be admitted, immortal feminine in her composition. Sex distinction, sex difference was the one thing against which she fought. Sex equality was the supreme good to be desired in her scheme of right relationships between the individual and the universe. While she rebelled against her sex, yet she rejoiced in it. Glad was she sometimes on that very account that to her was given the opportunity to prove her superiority to the limitations, disabilities and man-made trammels of womanhood.

Born of two fanatics on the same subject, whose insanity was modified and mollified by brilliancy of intellect in every other field of investigation and experiment, Katherine Brenton had been trained to the hour for her profession, for the exploitation of her principles. The greatest of universities pointed to her with peculiar pride as one of the children of the free, free from everything in thought and determined to be free from everything in action. Much was expected from her and the world was not disappointed at the first result of her mental labor. There were certain old-fashioned people who deplored the perversion of so much talent and even genius to the defense of error, but these did not count. The world bought her book in thousands, read it avidly and regarded it as the last word of the last woman of the end of the age on the sex problem. Cleverly disguising her philosophy in the form of fiction,



In His Anger He Resorted to Drink.

tion, with one bound she had leaped to the fore front of all the writers struggling for recognition. Publishers sought her. Magazines pursued her. Another book took shape in her mind.

Singularly enough her education and the erratic bent of her mind had left her primarily quite unspoiled. She was the product not merely of her age, her environment, her parents, but of a long generation of people to whom her thoughts would have been as abhorrent as her person was agreeable. The unconscious Christianity which surrounds the world and especially the world of woman kept her pure and sweet and lovable—these in spite of, not because of, her perverse and perverted philosophy. Though she defied convention in its spirit, she was naturally subject to it in its exercise. For instance, to her the marriage bond was, indeed, a bond, the marriage vow a confession of weakness—on the part

of the woman, at least—and the marriage relation an acknowledgment of inferiority—again on the part of the woman. She would have none of these things in her life. Yet, as she thought, she had given her heart to a man—alas, the submission to the eternal law!—and although their relationship was sanctioned by nothing but their affection, it was to her as pure and as holy a thing as if the contract had been witnessed and blessed by a thousand priests. What was it to him? She counted without the other sex. Many other women unfortunately have done the same.

Not content with the writing of books, her intense devotion to her cause, coupled with her unflagging energy, had found vent upon the lecture platform. The curious crowded to her feet at once, so bold, so radical, so beautiful and so innocent. One of her first converts had been the only son of a multi-millionaire, bygone banana king of the Pacific slope. His conversion was not so much an effort of pure reason as of primal passion, although that fact was in no wise apparent to her. She would find that out later. This modern Hypatia, skilled in the learning of the schools, burning with exhaustless zeal, permeated with fiery energy, was yet as innocent in some ways as any of her humbler sisters. As that good Book which she disdained in the newer illuminations which had come to her, might have said of her, she was in the world but not of it.

Unconsciously she fulfilled many injunctions of him who had she but known it was the greatest of philosophers. Naturally she kept herself unspotted from the world. Yet when the young man who had engaged her affections proposed to her that they should put her theories in practice, after some hesitation she had acceded to his proposition. It was a species of self-immolation not far from heroism that made her consent. Indeed, she did not realize how heroic it was. With no other ceremony than a clasp of the hand and an unspoken, wordless promise of trust, devotion, single-hearted alliance, publicly and before God and man, without a thought for the one and with no full realization of the thoughts of the other—at least on her part—they had gone away together, hand in hand; he and she together, in love like any other pair since Eve mated with Adam in the dawn of the world's first morning.

Yet there has never been an Eden of which man has known without its serpent. In the cabin of that gorgeous yacht, Satan's reared his head. The first week or so of the adventure had been filled with idyllic happiness, happiness so great that it was strong enough to quiet certain low, still, small voices of conscience which the woman rightly ascribed to a strange atavism of ancient prejudice to which her philosophy was as yet unequal.

However, such conditions did not long persist. Her disciple was inclined, presently she found to her sorrow, to take a somewhat lower view of the situation than suited her own high-souled views. The ardor of her devotee cooled as his passion increased. Shut up in the narrow confines of a ship—great and splendid though this yacht was beyond imagination—little characteristics heretofore unsuspected developed in the mere man. The course of true love was not so smooth as the summer seas over which they sailed. The air in which they lived was ruffled by furies in which experience would have found prelude for coming deeper storm. The image that had fed of clay sought for similar earthly alloy in the companion image which was made of pure gold all through, and finding it not, resented it desperately. The convert having gained his desire, weakened in his principles. There was no relaxation in his devotion, in his tenderness, in anything outward and visible, but the high philosophy which had made the joint effort almost a self-sacrifice of demonstration was slowly vanishing from one heart while the other clung the more tenaciously to it.

It was the old, old story. In a little the catspaw developed into the tempest. When it appeared it came with surprising swiftness. The woman found that in neither abstract thought nor mental speculation was there any protection for her. There might be no God in heaven, but there was a conscience in her breast. Finally she broke away from the man so far as she could do so when they were both in the same ship of which he was lord and master. She would have nothing more to do with him save that which common decency and the bare civilities of life demanded of her. Denied the privileges upon which he had counted, the man grew savage and showed the cloven foot. The disagreement became a quarrel. The quarrel ran through several phases. Ashamed of himself he had recanted at first. Then he had sworn again allegiance to the specious philosophy which she now realized he had only professed, consciously or unconsciously, that he might possess her. But she was not deceived. There was no truth in his words; his asseverations carried no conviction to her soul. Again he stormed and raged; once more he apologized and appealed; but the periods of calm grew shorter and the periods of storm grew longer and more vehement. The woman alone was steadfast. She was overwhelmed with shame, the horror of the situation was rising upon her.

She began to realize how helpless she was. Under the inspiration of belief, which was as honest as it was mistaken, she had put herself in the power of this man. Even if she were ashore, there would be no one to whom she could appeal, and here on the ship she was helpless. Lingerin remains of better things had kept him from the last resort of the tyrant—

(To be continued.)



# THE BIG SALE IS ON AT SEVERANCE & SON'S.

## This Big Sale

Is still on. Those who come buy. You will buy if you come, as the saving is apparent when you see our prices. Everything for Summer comfort at Cut Prices.



### If You Are In Doubt

As to where to buy your Summer Goods just follow the crowd to our store. We are giving many wonderful bargains in Dry Goods, Shoes, Etc.

## SEVERANCE & SON, Stanford, Kentucky.

### Mens' Soft, Shirts.

Mens' Extra Fine Shirts with collars—\$1.50 and \$2.00 kind, only 89c. When these are gone we will not be able to get any more. This price is to close out the lot. Come quick.

There is a new line of 25c box papers, special values at Penny's Drug Store.

#### PERSONALS.

Misses Sallie Burdette and guest Miss Sue Beth James, are at Crab Orchard for a short visit.

City Marshal Luther Herron, of Lancaster, was here on business Thursday.

Jos. Davis, of Cooper county, Mo., is with his brother-in-law, George W. Logan.

Mrs. J. Beecher Adams and children Felix and Elizabeth, of Danville, have returned from a visit of several weeks in Texas.

Miss Nancy Yeager has been the guest of Miss Lizzie Baughman, in Danville.

Miss Effie Drye has returned home after a most delightful visit with friends and relatives at Lebanon, where a number of entertainments were given in her honor.

Miss Sue Beth James, of Lauderdale Miss., has been the guest of Miss Sallie Burdette here.

Judge J. W. Alcorn attended the banquet to the State bar association at Middlesboro Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Luke Carpenter, of the Hustonville section are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a beautiful little daughter, who has been named Julia Allen.

Mrs. Sanford M. Logan returned to her home at Wilmore yesterday after a six weeks stay with her parents Judge and Mrs. M. C. Saulley. Her little son George Logan will remain here the remainder of the summer.

Mr. H. N. Spoonamore, of Hedgeville, joined his wife and children at Lexington last Friday for a visit to the family of Mr. Thomas Mock.

Tom Newland spent several days in Louisville this week.

Mrs. Stagg and Miss Pleasants went to Cedar Creek Thursday.

Tommy Ball the "mayor" of Maywood was in town Thursday.

Attorney James Denny, of Lexington is at his old home here, recuperating from a recent illness.

Dr. Tim Pennington, of Stanford, spent Sunday with friends here.—Hartsville Republican.

Mr. J. C. McClary is back from Elkhart Springs greatly improved in health.

Little John S. Baughman, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Baughman, is ill and scarlet fever is feared.

Little Allie Russell and Craig Fish, children of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Fish, are spending a few weeks with his father, Hon. W. C. Fish at Paint Lick.

Mr. John M. P. Thatcher is at home in Somerset from New York, where he is practicing law. Mr. Thatcher is in the office of one of the biggest law firms in the metropolis and is making good.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Stephenson, of Hustonville, have been visiting Mrs. Pina Combest at Prid, Casey county, who is ill of typhoid fever.

Misses Mary, Bessie and Maggie Goggin, of Somerset, have been the guests of Mr. John Goggin at Hubble. They were here this week to see their aunt, Miss Amanda Goggin who has been quite sick, but is improved now.

A number of young people enjoyed a delightful dance given by Miss Virginia Bright at her home near Hubble Wednesday night. Among those who went from here were Messrs. J. T. Wilkinson, Carl Carter, Wesley Embury, Mike Penny, Marshall Stone, and Sam and James Harris of Hubble.

Mrs. Robert C. Sanfley, of Parker, Arizona, is the guest of relatives here.

Mrs. J. C. Hays is confined to her home with illness.

Miss Kathleen Lynn is the guest of Misses Hazel and Maude Stone.

Miss Polly Traylor is the guest of Mrs. A. B. Robertson in Danville.

Miss Sarah Dunn and Mary Burch are guests this week of Mrs. T. L. Carpenter, at Hustonville.

Miss Sue Taylor Engleman is the guest of Miss Lizzie Baughman in Danville.

Judge J. W. Hughes, Messrs D. L. Moore and W. J. Poteet and County Attorney Rodman Keenon, of Mercer, passed through in a big auto Friday morning en route to Crab Orchard.

Mrs. Katherine McClary and little daughter Effie Withers, have returned from a visit to Mrs. Smith Penny, at St. Joe Mo.

### Deaths In Casey

H. H. McANINCH AND STEWART BALDOCK ARE NO MORE

Henry H. McAninch, one of the most prominent citizens of Casey county, passed away at his home in the Middleburg section Wednesday after a short illness. He was in his 86th year and is survived by his wife and six children. The funeral was conducted from the Baptist church at Middleburg Thursday, Elder J. Q. Montgomery conducting the services. The funeral was very largely attended, Mr. McAninch being one of the most respected and substantial citizens of Casey. He had lived there practically all of his life and had taken prominent part in its affairs during his long and useful career. He was a consistent member of the Christian church and will be greatly missed in a wide circle.

Stewart Baldock, aged 69 years, also died from a long illness of complicated liver and stomach troubles at his home near Coffey. He was a Union veteran in the civil war, and was an honorable and respected citizen in his community, having lived there all his life. A wife, two daughters and a brother survive him.

### Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Union Services At Night

TO BE HELD IN STANFORD DURING HEATED TERM

The churches of Stanford will unite in a service each Sunday night during the summer. The first service will be held at the Methodist church next Sunday night. Rev. D. M. Walker, of the Christian church will preach the sermon. The public is cordially invited.

#### Sunday Services.

Preaching at the Baptist church on Sunday morning by the pastor, subject "The Lord's Supper." All members of the church are urgently requested to be present. The Supper will also be celebrated at this service.

Rev. Wm. Sprinkles will preach at Neal's Creek church Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock and at Logan's creek at 3:45 P. M.

Revival services began at Rowland Thursday night, Rev. A. F. Bolback, of New Jersey, preaching. A large crowd was present to greet him and to join in the opening service. The chapel has been beautifully finished on the inside and very soon the building will have the appearance of an entirely new structure.

#### SAVED AT DEATH'S DOOR

The door of death seemed ready to open for Murray W. Ayers, of Transit Bridge, N. Y., when his life was wonderfully saved. "I was in a dreadful condition," he writes, "my skin was almost yellow; eyes sunken; tongue coated; emaciated from losing 40 pounds, growing weaker daily. Virulent liver trouble pulling me down to death in spite of doctors. Then that matchless medicine—Electric Bitters—cured me. I regained the 40 pounds lost and now am well and strong." For all stomach, liver and kidney troubles they're supreme. 50c at Pen-

### Judge Gooch Dead

FORMER LINCOLNITE PASSES AWAY IN SOMERSET

Judge E. S. Gooch, a former resident of Lincoln county, died at his home in Somerset at 6 o'clock Thursday morning. Judge Gooch was 60 years of age and is survived by his wife and three children. He was former city judge of Somerset and one of the most highly respected citizens of Pulaski county. He has a great many friends in Lincoln who will be grieved to learn he is no more.

### Short Local News.

• Notice.—5 per cent penalty added school tax Aug. 3 1910. L. R. Hughes, Clerk.

For Sale—Nice residence on Main street in Stanford, Ky., the frontage of lot large enough for another building lot. All necessary outbuildings. Everything in good repair. Price \$2,750. A bargain, see L. R. Hughes, Stanford, Ky.

Big line of umbrellas so cheap you can afford to lose them. Country Store.

Picnic umbrellas, the kind you can leave on the grounds. Country Store.

We guarantee our pocket knives and razors. Country Store.

Harvey Hopkins, a graduate of the Moreland school, has been chosen to teach the school at Sauley.

Powder, guns, tobacco boxes and tee smokers. Geo. H. Farris.

Bids for the surplus milk at the Creamery will be received by H. J. McRoberts.

Competitive examination for appointment to State College will be held in my office July 15-16. G. Singleton, Supt.

Having been called away on account of the illness of a relative, Rev. W. T. Montgomery will not hold any services at the Moreland Union Church on next Sunday. The next service at this church will be held on the fifth Sunday in this month.

It soothes, refreshes, strengthens and purifies the stomach, bowels and kidneys. A tonic that prevents summer troubles. Such is Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35c tea or tablets at Shugars & anner's. T\*

### Hurt In Runaway

F. A. HARNEY THROWN OUT OF BUGGY AND INJURED

W. A. Harney, the well known farmer of this county, was badly hurt in a runaway accident in Boyle county this week. He had been visiting Mr. T. P. Clark and had stopped at a creek to water his horse. As he did so, the horse stepped on the overcheck which had been taken off, and pulled the bridle off. He was a young horse, and this scared him and he began to run. Mr. Harney was in the buggy with no way to control him, but kept his seat, until finally the buggy was dashed against a large stone and overturned and Mr. Harney thrown out. His face and neck were badly cut and he was considerably bruised up otherwise, but was treated by a physician and is doing as well as could be expected now.

### AN EXPERT'S OPINION OF SKIN DISEASES

A prominent national expert on skin diseases whose name you are familiar with says that in all his scientific experience he has never found so hard a disease to conquer as Eczema. Yet he does not hesitate to recommend Zemo as a most successful remedy for the treatment of Eczema, itching skin diseases, dandruff, pimples, blackheads and all other diseases of the skin and scalp. He says that not only do its curative qualities make it popular but also the fact that it is a clean liquid remedy for external use. A great improvement over the old style greasy salves and lotions which are not only unpleasant to use but do not destroy the germ life that destroys the disease. Zemo draws the germs to the surface and destroys them, leaving the skin clear and healthy. Can be used freely on infants. Mr. G. L. Penny will gladly supply those who call with a free sample bottle of Zemo and a booklet which explains in simple language all about skin diseases and how to cure yourself at home with Zemo.

### Notes and Accounts Collected.

We collect notes and accounts anywhere in the United States. No charges unless we collect. Also look after claims of all kinds. Bank references. Correspondence solicited.

### MAY'S COLLECTION AGENCY.

WOODSON MAY, Mgr.

Somerset, - - - Kentucky.

### Weak Throat—Weak Lungs

Cold after cold; cough after cough! Troubled with this taking-cold habit? Better break it up. We have great confidence in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for this work. No medicine like it for weak throats and weak lungs. Ask your doctor for his opinion. He knows all about it. His approval is valuable. Follow his advice at all times. No alcohol in this cough medicine. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Always keep a good laxative in the house. Take a dose when your cold first comes on. What is the best laxative for this? Ayer's Pills. Ask your doctor his opinion. Let him decide.

#### NOTICE.

Those desiring to bid on making earth fill and concrete wall at the new bridge over Hanging Fork Creek at J. S. Murphy's, will find specifications at the McKinney Deposit Bank or at my office. J. P. Bailey, Judge L. C. C. 40-3

#### C. E. MEETING SUNDAY.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian church will meet Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. You are invited to come promptly so as to get through with the meeting in time for the union services at the Methodist church. A full attendance is desired and an interesting program will be given. Annie Davis McRoberts, Sec'y.

## Going Away

Are you going away to spend your vacation? If so let us show you our line of

Suit-Cases and Trunks

Don't borrow, your friend may be going away too.

W. E. PERKINS,

CRAB ORCHARD, KENTUCKY.

L. R. Hughes

T. W. Humble

W. O. Martin

## BIG CUT IN OXFORDS

We will sell you any pair of slippers left in our house at a great reduction. Now is the time to buy. From 25 to 50 per cent. in Vici, Patents, Tan, Oxblood, etc.

\$3.50 Oxfords cut to \$2.28

\$3.00 Oxfords cut to \$1.98

\$2.50 Oxfords cut to \$1.48

\$1.50 Oxfords cut to \$1.18

Our loss is your gain.

HUGHES, MARTIN & CO.,

Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY

# DO YOU WORK?

Then You Will Need More Clothes.

Khaki Pants \$1, \$1.50 and \$2  
Shirts 25c, 50c 75c and \$1

Plow Shoes At Any Price

But our Chrome Shoe Beats Them All. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

### DUCK BRAND OVERALLS

Have one fault; they last too long

A Suit of Cool Underwear Makes You Feel Better After Hard Days' Work

We can dress you from head to foot, ready for a days' work for \$3.

Cummins & Wearen,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

This store is the home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx clot



# GO TO THE Lancaster Fair

JULY

27th

28th and

29th

1-9-1-0.

And See The Greatest  
Horse And Mule Show  
In Kentucky.

Largest Assortment Of Free  
And Pay Attractions Ever  
Shown. See Bongo!

Catalogues at This Office



If you have anything to sell  
in the

**STOCK LINE**

—Take to—

Nunnelley's New Stock Yards

He buys and sells every day in the  
year except Sunday. Bring on  
your stock. Best market in  
the State with plenty of

feed and water best covered pens, outside of Louisville or Lexington.  
STANFORD, KY. We also do a general hitch and feed business.

**See Me**

About

Fruit Jars, Fruit Jar Rings, and Caps. We will make you  
a Special Price.

**L. L. SANDERS,**

Crab Orchard, Kentucky.

**B. D. CARTER,**  
New Livestock  
Depot Street,  
Phone 96,  
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

**Stock For Sale!**

I have for sale a bay mare, 7-years  
old and weighs 1,100 pounds. Sound and  
good worker. Also bay mare, 6-years-old.  
Works any where and ladie have been  
driving her. She is sound and is a fair  
dancer.  
URIAH DUNN, Hustonville



WE CAN SHOW YOU PLUMBING

In houses where none but the best  
would be tolerated. Houses where ex-  
pense is no object, but the best  
most sanitary plumbing is. But while  
we do high-class work we do not  
charge high-class prices. Have us esti-  
mate on your work and you will be  
surprised at the very unplumberlike  
moderation of our figures.

**W. K. WARNER,**  
Phone 188. Stanford, Ky.

## Needed Rest

WILL BE TAKEN BY POPULAR  
PRODUCE BUYER

H. B. Northcott, the popular pro-  
duce buyer of Lancaster, who main-  
tains a large branch house in Stan-  
ford under the capable management  
of Thurman K. Tudor, will leave Lan-  
caster this week for his old home in  
Newport, Ky., where he will take a  
much needed vacation for a few  
weeks. Mr. Northcott was recently  
badly shaken up by being thrown out  
of his buggy by a frisky horse and he  
has not quite been feeling himself  
since the unpleasant experience.

During his absence from headquar-  
ters at Lancaster, Mr. Tudor will be  
transferred there, while Will Rigney  
will hold down the office here.

## Mule Rings

TO BE MADE FEATURES AT LAN-  
CASTER FAIR THIS YEAR

The Lancaster Fair boosters were  
here in full force on Monday. Hat  
band advertisements were distributed  
over the city and catalogues left at  
a number of places. A quantity was  
left at the Interior Journal office  
where they can be obtained by any  
who may desire them. This fair is go-  
ing to make a strong play on mule  
rings this season since Lincoln county  
is to have no fair this year and  
it is one of the strongest mule produc-  
ing counties in the state. A number  
of local farmers are said to be pre-  
paring to make exhibits at Lancaster.

OF COURSE HE LIKED  
STANFORD THE BETTER

An old brown mule, belonging to Mr.  
Joe Farris wandered from his barn  
yard last week and has not been seen  
or heard of since. The animal was  
bought recently in Stanford and it  
is suspected that it has wandered  
back to its former meadows.—Dan-  
ville Advocate.

## BOWMAR'S SUMMER TOURS.

Write to Bowmar's Tours, Versailles  
Ky., for folders giving details and  
cost of Bowmar's ideal (personally  
conducted) tours to Niagara Falls,  
Toronto, Buffalo and Cleveland, with  
fine lake steamer trips, Tuesday Aug.  
2, and to Atlantic City, New York,  
Philadelphia and Washington, Thurs-  
day Aug. 11th. High-Class accom-  
modations. Select parties.

Lost—The bottom of an automob-  
ile lantern. Reward for return to M. S.  
Baughman.



ARTISTIC

shades in our ready mixed colors  
For durability and uniform high  
quality they are unequalled. Talk  
all you like about "good" paints.  
Then do a little actual painting  
with a small sample from our stock  
and watch results. You'll satisfy  
yourself that you can buy no better  
paint for the money anywhere. Let  
our paint talk.

**J. A. ALLEN, Stanford, Ky.**

## FARMER'S DEPARTMENT.

H. M. Herndon sold to J. C. John-  
stone, of Danville, 22 hogs averaging  
234 pounds at 8 cents

For Sale—100 foot tobacco bed. A.  
R. Robbins. Stanford. Phone 169-4.  
Wanted two good horses five to sev-  
en years old, must be strictly sound  
and good drivers. W. P. Kincaid.  
Stanford, Ky.

For Sale—Two sows and 14 pigs.  
They are good ones. C. R. Brawner,  
McKinney, Ky.

Estray heifer came to my place.  
Owner can get same by paying for  
keep and this ad. J. D. Steenbergen,  
Crab Orchard.

For Sale—Several fine Jersey cows  
and heifers registered and high grade  
and two registered bulls, a Shetland  
pony by Blue Eye. Pony buggy and  
harness. Lock Box 161 Stanford.

Strayed—Black Berkshire boar.  
Crop off left ear; weight 135 to 150  
pounds. Liberal reward for return  
or information of whereabouts to O. P.  
Newland, Crab Orchard.

## FOR SALE.

13 horse power traction engine  
comparatively new. Run only a short  
time last season. W. L. Cordier, Row-  
land, Ky.

Monte Fox, of Danville, this week  
bought 22 head of cattle averaging over  
1,500 pounds from Joseph Harp, of  
Scott county, at \$7.25 per hundred.

For Sale—99-acre farm well located  
in Pulaski county. If you are looking  
for a farm at your own price see me.  
F. A. Ross, Kings Mountain, Ky.

For Sale—Half dozen nice thorough-  
bred Black Berkshire boars. J. T.  
Roberts, Hubble.

Estray heifer came to my place on  
June 18. Owner can get same by pay-  
ing for keep and for this ad. R. G.  
Hubble, Turnersville.

Strayed or stolen—Brown horse  
mule about 9 years old. Any informa-  
tion will be rewarded. Joe E. Farris,  
Danville, Ky.

A fire originating by the explosion  
of a kerosene lamp resulted in the  
destruction of a large poultry house  
of D. D. Slade near Lexington. Fif-  
teen hundred young chickens were  
burned to death, a loss of about \$3,000.

M. J. Farris, one of the largest  
wheat growers in Boyle county, says  
that his crop will make a fair yield.  
His crop of 200 acres has been cut  
and is in the shock. He expects it  
to net 4,000 bushels and he believes he  
will secure \$1 a bushel for it.

Lawson and Brown bought ten hogs  
of W. B. Moss at \$5 per pound, also  
14 hogs of Robert Whorow at \$1.25  
per pound. W. J. Anderson sold 7  
sheats to Frank Brown at 10c per  
pound.

**A WILD RAGING BLIZZARD**  
brings danger, suffering, often death  
to thousands, who take colds,  
coughs and is gripped with terror of  
winter and spring. Its danger signals  
are "stuffed up" nostrils, lower part  
of nose sore, chills and fever, pain in  
back of head, and a throat gripping  
cough. When Grip attacks, as you  
value your life, don't delay getting  
Dr. King's New Discovery. "One  
bottle cured me" writes A. L. Dunn,  
of Pine Valley, Miss. "after being  
laid up three weeks with Grip." For  
sore lungs, hemorrhages, coughs,  
colds, whooping cough, bronchitis,  
asthma it's supreme. 50c, \$1. Guar-  
anteed by G. L. Penny.

## THE MARKETS

Cincinnati, July 15.—Cattle—Re-  
ceipts 613; market very slow; fair to  
good shippers \$6@7; common \$2@  
\$4.25. Hogs—Receipts 1,828; market  
dull and weak; 15@20c lower; butch-  
ers and shippers \$5@5.50; common \$9@  
\$9.25. Sheep—Receipts 2366; market  
steady and slow \$1.75@3.90. Lambs—  
Market active and strong \$4@7.35.

**H. B. Northcott,**  
LANCASTER, KY.

BUYER OF

All Kinds of Farm Produce

Stanford Branch—T. K. Tudor, Mgr.

WE ARE PAYING TODAY FOR:

Eggs, per 15.....12-12c  
Hens, per 15.....10-10 1/2c  
Fryers.....12-12 1/2c  
Turkeys per lb.....9-10c  
Ducks, per lb.....7-8c  
Roosters, per lb.....5-5 1/2c  
Hides per lb.....50c  
Ginseng, per lb.....\$1.00  
Yellow Root, per lb.....\$1.25

LIME AND SALT FOR SALE OR IN  
EXCHANGE FOR PRODUCE.

We can please you. Phone 153

**J. C. McClary,**



Undertaker and Embalmer  
STANFORD, - KY.

Phone 105. Home Phone 10.

# AT COST

Commencing July 9, Ending Aug 1.

Owing to the cold, wet Spring we  
find ourselves over-stocked and  
have to sell these goods to make  
room for

## FALL GOODS COMING IN

Business is good now but it is too  
late in the season. We have no room  
for our Fall Goods, as our Spring  
stock is heavy; so don't wait until  
too late. Come early and get choice  
This LARGE STOCK consists of

Clothing of Best Make, Oxfords, Under-  
wear, Hats, Felt and Straw, Odd Pants,  
Shirts, Ties, Dry Goods. Such prices nev-  
er heard of before!

Any Suit, Trunk or Suit-case At Cost

## LAWNS.

20c Lawns.....14c  
15c ".....11c  
10c ".....8c

Calicoes and other goods always  
on hand.

## Fancy Imported Hosiery.

50c Hose and Sox.....39c  
25c ".....19c  
15c ".....11c  
10c ".....8c

We do not only give you 10 per  
cent. off, we put them at and be-  
low cost. Newest and most up-  
to-date goods you can find.

## Men's & Boys' Odd Dress Pants.

\$7.00 Pants.....5.48  
6.00 ".....4.48  
5.00 ".....3.88  
4.00 ".....2.98  
3.50 ".....2.68  
3.00 ".....2.28  
2.50 ".....1.98  
2.00 ".....1.58  
1.50 ".....1.18  
1.00 "......78

## Felt Hats.

\$4.00 Hats.....3.29  
3.50 ".....2.98  
3.00 ".....2.68  
2.50 ".....2.38  
2.00 ".....1.98  
1.50 ".....1.58  
1.00 ".....1.18

## Ladies' Gauze Vests.

25 cts. Vests.....19  
15 ".....11  
10 ".....8

## Suspenders.

50 ct. Pair.....38  
25 ct. Pair.....19  
15 ct. Pair.....11

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LANCASTER, KY.

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All Kinds of Farm Produce

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Hens, per 15.....10-10 1/2c  
Fryers.....12-12 1/2c  
Turkeys per lb.....9-10c  
Ducks, per lb.....7-8c  
Roosters, per lb.....5-5 1/2c  
Hides per lb.....50c  
Ginseng, per lb.....\$1.00  
Yellow Root, per lb.....\$1.25

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We can please you. Phone 153

**J. C. McClary,**



Undertaker and Embalmer  
STANFORD, - KY.

Phone 105. Home Phone 10.

## Fancy Vests.

\$4.00 Vests.....3.19  
3.50 Vests.....2.78  
3.00 Vests.....2.38  
2.50 Vests.....1.98  
2.00 Vests.....1.58  
1.50 Vests.....1.18  
1.00 Vests......78

## Caps.

50c Caps.....39  
25c Caps.....19

## Neckwear.

50c Necktie.....50  
25c Necktie.....19

## Men's Belts.

\$1.00 Belts.....79  
50c Belts.....39  
25c Belts.....19

We have all kinds of Dress Goods  
now going at Cost.

## MEN'S FANCY SHIRTS

\$1.00 Shirt at.....79c  
50c Shirt at.....39c

## Boys' Knickerbockers.

\$1.50 Pants.....1.19  
1.25 "......98  
1.00 "......78  
.75 "......66  
.50 "......58  
.25 "......29

Men's Work Pants in Kaki, Her-  
ring-bone and Bird's Eye.

\$3.50 Pants.....2.78  
3.00 ".....2.38  
2.50 ".....1.98  
2.00 ".....1.58  
1.50 ".....1.18  
1.00 "......78

## Straw Hats Of All Kinds.

\$3.50 Hats.....2.68  
3.00 ".....2.28  
2.50 ".....1.78  
2.00 ".....1.48  
1.50 ".....1.18  
1.00 "......78

Misses oxfords in pumps, tan,  
black, patent and suede.

\$2.50 Oxfords.....\$1.98  
2.00 ".....1.58  
1.50 ".....1.29

Men's Oxfords—Patent, Tan and  
Grey.

\$4.00 Oxfords.....\$3.29  
3.50 ".....2.79  
3.00 ".....2.29  
2.50 ".....1.98  
2.00 ".....1.58

Ladies' Oxfords in Tan, Patent  
and Suede.

\$3.50 Oxfords.....2.78  
3.00 ".....2.38  
2.50 ".....1.98  
2.00 ".....1.58  
1.50 ".....1.18

Soft Walkers' Shoes and Oxford

60c shoes.....47c  
50c oxfords.....39c

Come, everybody, and let us  
prove to you how low we are pre-  
pared to sell our goods.

**SAM ROBINSON,**  
Stanford, Ky.